

## Misunderstood || skepnoblade [discontinued]

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## Misunderstood || skepnoblade [discontinued]

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Technoblade is a superhero, but nobody knows it. Everyone thinks he's a ruthless villain due to misunderstandings and twisted stories. While trying to balance his real life with his super life, a certain superhero team was now coming after him. Not to mention he's been dealing with some... issues, to put it lightly.

All he has to do is:

Fix his issues

Convince the world he's a good guy

And not die before doing all of that

If he can to do all that, why, he might just be able to get his life together!

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The robber looked at him with fear in his eyes. He began begging for mercy, sputtering empty apologies and promises. Technoblade laughed at his pitiful state, causing him to go white with fear. He knew he was done for.

Techno smiled at his fear. He held his sword up to the robber's neck.

"Blood for the Blood God." Techno whispered.

The thug was dead before he hit the ground.

# I

Technoblade was walking around his base, checking to see that nothing was out of the ordinary. After seeing that everything was fine, he slipped on his disguise and went off to fight crime. He was careful to stay hidden during his crime searches, considering the fact that he wasn't the people's favorite hero. He sat on top of a building, scanning the world below him.

He was about to move on, when he saw it. Four robber's were sneaking into a jewelry store. Techno smirked and mentally noted that he needed to remember to add four people to his kill count as he stealthy made his way towards his destination.

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"Hurry up, will ya?" The leader of the robbers asked. The two that were getting the money picked up their pace, greedily talking to one another about their fortune and plans to move after this.

The unfortunate workers that were being held hostage were crying and begging for mercy. The leader had eventually gotten tired of their cries and yelled at them to shut up. One woman couldn't get herself together and just kept crying.

The leader rolled his eyes and grabbed her by her hair, he put his gun against her head. "You better shut the hell up if you know what's good for you."

The woman quieted her sobs, but she nearly started up again when he released her. She ran over to her partner, hugging him tightly.

"We got all the money, boss." The other robber said.

The four thugs all laughed smugly at their victory, thinking that they'd get away with this. Suddenly, their bags of money disappeared. The two holding them looked around in confusion. Suddenly, a blur ran by and sliced one in half. The thugs stared in horror as the blur stopped and revealed who they were about to go up against.

"What's with the shocked faces? You didn't think you'd get away with this, did you?" Techno said, smiling insanely. "God, I forgot how much I loved this!"

The psychotic hero turned to the leader. "You guys gotta start doing crimes more often."

He then killed the other two effortlessly, leaving the leader for last. Techno turned to him, only to see that he was stuck in place, scared stiff.

'Oh god, oh fuck! What do I do?' He thought frantically as Techno came towards him.

The robber looked at him with fear in his eyes. He began begging for mercy, sputtering empty apologies and promises. Technoblade laughed at his pitiful state, causing him to go white with fear. He knew he was done for.

Techno smiled at his fear. He held his sword up to the robber's neck.

"Blood for the Blood God." Techno whispered.

The thug was dead before he hit the ground.

The police burst into the bank just then, stopping short when they saw Technoblade in the middle

of four bodies and covered in blood. The cops pointed their guns at him.

"Put your hands in the air!" One cop shouted. 'Obviously a rookie.' Techno thought.

He smiled his crazy smile, then held his hands up in mock surrender. While they were distracted, he disappeared. The cops swore, but let him go. They had more important issues to attend to, after all. After they got all the victims out of the building, they reported seeing the famous villain, Technoblade, to their chief.

"Well?" The chief questioned.

"He got away, sir." One cop reported sadly.

The chief looked over the video of the robbery. He shook his head, angry that he slipped away yet again.

"I hate to say it, but I think we need to bring out the big guns for this one." The chief stated. Annoyance clear on his face.

"Oh, you don't mean...?"

"Yes, I do mean them." He sighed. "I mean the Trio themselves."

There was a chorus of gasps. The chief told everyone to get back to work while he called them. He dialed a number in his phone. After a few rings, they picked up.

"Hello?" A high pitched voice asked.

"Skeppy, we need to talk."

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Technoblade treaded back to his base, head held high. His body was filled with adrenaline, the rush of killing flowing through his veins. He changed out of his disguise, a smile plastered on his face. The fact that he killed should disgust him, he was a superhero after all, but killing bad guys was a good thing.

Well, that's what he thought.

When the adrenaline finally passed, he went straight to his room and went to bed. The exhaustion hitting him like a ton of bricks.

'I wonder what tommorow will bring me,' he thought, 'the cops will definitely make another bullshit story up to save their precious egos. What a bunch of jerks.'

With that last thought, he drifted off to sleep.

## II

"SO POUR OUT SOME LIQUOR, MAKE IT AN OLD-FASHIONED!"

Dave bolted awake to the sound of his alarm clock. He groaned when he realized what day it was. Monday. Despite his body protesting leaving the bed, he got up and willed himself to prepare for work. Though he really didn't want to, Hannah would make sure to annoy him for it.

In an instant, he was rushing to get ready.

When he finally got out the door, he instantly realized that Technoblade was the talk of the day. Most of the people he passed by had his superhero name in their mouths. Unfortunately, Dave didn't have time to stop and find out what new story was made up about him. He was close to being late.

'Almost... There...' Dave thought desperately.

He burst through the doors of the restaurant, causing many heads to turn his way. Fortunately, he'd made it before he was late. As he walked into the kitchen, Hannah narrowed her eyes at him. She always knew how to break through his blank expression.

"Dave." She said.

"Hannah." Dave replied, trying his best to keep his feelings hidden.

"Why were you a minute away from being late today?" She asked, anger seeping into her words.

"Well, uh..." He wasn't expecting that question. Dave had thought she was mad about Technoblade.

Her outrage showed clear on her face now.

"We're you seriously just gonna leave me here to deal with these people all by myself?" Hannah ranted dramatically. "I can't believe you'd just throw me under the bus like that!"

Dave laughed at her antics, knowing she was just playing around. Soon, she was laughing along with him. After they were done laughing, Dave looked around to see if anyone was within earshot. Once he saw that they were good, he lowered his voice to a whisper.

"So, what story did the police make up about me now? I didn't have the time to read the news."

Hannah's face darkened.

"They said the usual stuff. You planned the crime, threatened innocents, and all that jazz," She paused before continuing.

He waited anxiously for her to go on.

"But now they're sending Skeppy and his goons after you." She finished.

Dave stopped. He couldn't believe his ears. They were sending The Trio after him? After taking a minute to process this, he spoke up.

"I can definitely beat all of them. Technoblade never dies, after all."

Hannah shook her head. "I'll try and help throw them off your back."

"Thanks, Hannah, but how are you supposed to help me exactly? It's not like you can just sneak into The Trio's base and find out their plans." He told her.

"You're right, I can't sneak into their base, but I can sneak into their computer system."

Dave was about to protest, until their boss yelled at them to get to work. He said his goodbyes to Hannah and mentally prepared himself to take customers orders. He grabbed his notepad and pen then went to serve a group that just sat down.

With a fake smile on his face, he greeted them. Mentally, he prayed that these people weren't crazy.

"Hello, my name is Dave and I'll be your waiter for today. What would y'all like to order?"

The small group were surprised, probably not expecting a waiter to take their orders so soon. The shortest of them all spoke up.

"I wasn't expecting a waiter so soon!" He blurted out, saying what they were all thinking. He had a blue hoodie on, tan skin, and fluffy black hair.

Dave couldn't help but notice the strangers unusually high voice. He even had voice cracks while talking.

'How old is this guy, 12?' Dave thought before listening for their orders.

"Zak!" The guy sitting next to blue hoodie scolded. He had a black, red rimmed hoodie on. He also had his hood completely covering up the top half of his face. Silently, he wondered what was up with these people and hoodies.

"Darryl!" The guy Dave now recognized as Zak mocked.

Dave stood there, patiently waiting for them to order something while mentally noting their names.

"Sorry, I'll get a chocolate muffin." Darryl said. The others ordered after him.

Once they were all done ordering, Dave went back to tell the chef. While he was walking away, he couldn't help but think about how cute that Zak guy was. He shook his head.

'Can't get me that easily, gay thoughts.' He thought determinedly. 'We wouldn't work out anyways. I'm a hated superhero after all.'

He took more orders and served more tables while waiting to take the group their order. Once he got their orders, he walked over to them, carefully balancing the plates. He hated going back and forth with orders, so he often just took all of the plates at once. One of the plates wobbled and Dave hurried to save it before it fell.

'Oh no, oh no, oh no!' Dave panicked as the plate leaned more off his hand, threatening to fall. He willed his face to stay calm to not draw attention.

His panic was replaced with confusion when, suddenly, the plate went back to sitting balanced on his hand. Dave ignored it for the time being and served Zak and his friends.

"Sorry for taking so long." Dave said.

"It's ok, you weren't taking that long." The one in the green hoodie said, earning him an elbow to the ribs from the guy next to him. The guy next to green hoodie began speaking French furiously.

Darryl shook his head and apologized to Dave.

"It's fine." Dave shrugged before going back to his job.

As he was walking away, he decided to talk about the self balancing plate with Hannah later.

### III

Later that day, when Dave got done working, he went to tell Hannah about the plate incident.

"Hey, Hannah, something really strange happened today." He told her.

She looked at him curiously.

"So, I was balancing all of these plates at once, like a pro, when one of the plates started to tip over."

Hannah laughed. "I thought you said you were balancing all of those plates "like a pro"?"

"Hush and let me finish my story!"

Hannah rolled her eyes, but nodded anyways.

"So, as I was saying before being rudely interrupted, I couldn't get the plate balanced again. Yet, somehow, it righted itself. All on its own." Dave said.

"I know what you're getting at, but there were plenty of people in the restaurant. Anybody could've moved the plate." Hannah said matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, but I think it was one of the people I was serving. I mean, who else would've been able to notice my mistake? It wasn't like I was causing a scene or anything, so the tables I walked by didn't even notice the plate." He insisted.

Hannah shook her head at him. She then changed the subject to something else.

"So, how are you gonna deal with the Trio?"

"Well, I'm definitely gonna continue doing what I usually do, but I'll have to be more careful about it." Dave reasoned.

He then remembered what Hannah said earlier. "What did you mean by saying that you could back into their computer system, or whatever? You and I both know that's practically impossible. You'd have to be crazy to attempt to break into that thing."

The shorter shrugged. "Call me crazy, then."

"You're crazy." Dave said immediately.

They both broke out in giggles. Their next few hours were spent talking about everything they could think about that wasn't superhero related. They were walking down the street when Dave got an idea.

"Hey, do you wanna get some ice cream? There's a place nearby." He said.

"Ice cream? Hell yeah!" Hannah said happily. "You're paying, though."

"What? No way. Pay for your own stuff!"

"I paid for our food the last time we went somewhere."

"Fine, but we're both paying for our own stuff next time."

In just a few minutes, they were at the ice cream shop. Dave and Hannah burst through the doors excitedly, causing many heads to turn their way. The cashier greeted them with fake enthusiasm.

"Hello, welcome to Bruster's. What would you like to order?" She asked.

After ordering, they sat down at one of the empty tables. The duo ate their ice cream's in comfortable silence. After a few minutes, Hannah broke the silence.

"So, how are you? Are you doing ok?" She asked worriedly.

Dave picked at his ice cream for a bit before answering.

"Yeah, I'm doing ok. I still haven't gone home after that day, so I'm basically living in my hideout for now." He shrugged. Hannah felt like pushing the topic more, but decided against it. She knew Dave hated talking about his personal life.

"How's Clay?" She questioned, trying to lighten the mood.

"Clay? He's fine. Unfortunately, though, he's got a crush on some guy that goes to the pet store he works at often. Which means that I have to deal with him gushing about the guy constantly." Dave said dramatically.

Hannah laughed and was relieved when the tension lifted. They both went back to talking about the things they always did. Their conversation was cut short, however, when a certain superhero crashed through the ceiling of the ice cream shop. Dave and Hannah stared down at them in shock, as they had landed right next to their table.

"Is that...?" Hannah trailed off.

The superhero had cracks littering their body. Their eyes were closed and Dave assumed that they were unconscious, since they didn't get up. He winced when he saw that the familiar superhero had broken their arm off, revealing the diamond underneath their skin. Though there wasn't any blood, the sight of the hero's arm detached from their body sickened Dave.

"Skeppy? Yeah, I think so." Dave told her before running to the bathroom to change into his superhero suit.

He was back in record time and got prepared to fight. Skeppy had woken up by the time he got back and, with the help of Hannah, reattached his arm to his body. The cracks on his body were already healing. Dave hid in the shadows, not wanting to fight Skeppy in the middle of a ice cream shop.

How was he able to hide in the shadows? Nobody knows.

"Thank you, kind stranger!" Skeppy said to Hannah, his high voice going up an entire two octaves.

Hannah was about to respond when another superhero came through the roof of the shop.

"Skeppy! Oh my goodness, are you alright?" BadBoyHalo asked their friend.

"Yeah, Bad. I'm alright." Skeppy said.

"Good, cause I don't think a6d can hold off Keem for much longer."

BadBoyHalo then grabbed Skeppy and flew out the shop.

Technoblade came out the shadows and followed after them, ignoring Hannah's protests. He followed them to the middle of the city, where a6d was fighting the famous supervillain Keemstar.

Just as the villain was about to hit a6d, BadBoyHalo and Skeppy both attacked Keem at the same time. Keemstar was taken aback, but quickly recovered. Unfortunately, he had backup. His sidekick, Laake, attacked the Trio from behind.

Just as Laake was about to shatter Skeppy, Technoblade came and cut him with his sword. The impact of his sword knocked Laake off balance, causing him to fall, but he quickly got back to his feet. When he saw who knocked him over, his eyes widened in shock.

"Technoblade?" He asked in confusion.

His name caused the the Trio and Keem to all stop and turn to look at him. Suddenly, everyone's eyes were on Technoblade. Temporarily.

Loving the attention he was getting for the time being, Technoblade smiled at them.

"Surprise!" Technoblade said with a grin. "Now, are we fighting or not?"

## IV

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Keemstar and Laake were the first to recover from the shock. Keem used his powers to fling the Trio off of him and escape with Laake. Technoblade quickly chased after them, with the Trio following close behind. He pulled out his dagger and threw it at Laake.

Unfortunately, or fortunately for the Trio, his dagger missed.

Keemstar opened up a portal and escaped into it along with Laake. Technoblade swore as the portal closed up before he could reach it. He stopped running and stood there to catch his breath. The superhero group behind him stopped as well. After a few minutes, a6d spoke up.

"Hey, how come you helped us?" He asked suspiciously.

"Probably so we'd owe him if he helped us catch Keem and Laake." Skeppy tried whispering, but Technoblade could still hear him anyways. Technoblade turned to look at them.

"Heard that."

BadBoyHalo hit Skeppy over the head.

"Skeppy, you muffin! Stop being so rude!" Bad scolded before addressing Technoblade. "Thank you, Technoblade, for trying to help."

Technoblade nodded at them and turned to leave.

"Wait!" The Trio yelled all at once.

'Fuck.' Technoblade thought. 'Please don't say you want to have a conversation with me.'

"Technoblade, we have an offer for you." Skeppy announced, trying to sound professional.

'Damn. Maybe if I don't say anything they'll get the point.'

Technoblade slowly turned to face them again. They waited for him to say something, but he just stood there with his arms crossed. Bad took this as a sign to keep going.

"We want you to join our team!" He said enthusiastically.

a6d facepalmed.

"We don't want you to join our team. You can either quit being a villain and work for us, or keep being a villain we'll be forced to beat your ass until you join our side."

Technoblade could practically see the venom dripping off a6d's words. After a6d's charming speech, BadBoyHalo started yelling something about language, Skeppy was trying to protect a6d from Bad, and a6d was yelling something at BadBoyHalo in French.

Technoblade decided that now was a good time to leave. He used his strange ability to hide in the shadows to sneak back to his hideout. Once he got there, he immediately collapsed on the couch. He then changed out of his superhero suit before texting Hannah. The second she saw him texting

her, she called him.

Dave stared at his phone for a moment before answering.

"Why'd you call me? I was texting you-" He started, but he was cut off by Hannah.

"WHAT. WERE. YOU. THINKING?" She yelled. Dave winced and pulled the phone away from his ear.

"Why are you yelling at me?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHY AM I YELLING?" She then took a deep breath before continuing.

"Dave, you fucking idiot! You just went to help the guys who are supposed to be your enemies! What if they turned on you in the middle of the fight, huh? Not only would you have to worry about Keemstar, the most dangerous villain right now, but you would've had to deal with the three musketeers as well!" Hannah scolded, saying her words at a mile a minute.

Dave sat in shocked silence, listening to Hannah try to catch her breath. After a few minutes, she spoke up again.

"You could've been killed."

He frowned at how upset she sounded.

"I didn-" He tried, but Hannah stopped him.

"Keem doesn't have any morals. Neither does Laake. They would've tried killing you as soon as the Trio turned on you. You would've been outnumbered. Luckily, the Trio are against killing, but the cops have said some pretty fucked up shit about you. Your weird ass love for killing doesn't help clear your name with that. They probably would've let Keem and Laake kill you, no matter how high their morals are."

Once she was done with her speech, they both sat in silence. Dave didn't know how bad things were getting with the him and the news, he always relied on Hannah to tell him. Now he could see why she was so angry. He felt horrible.

"I'm sorry. You're right, I should've been more careful. I didn't mean to worry you so much." He said sincerely.

He heard Hannah sigh.

"No, Dave, I should be the one apologizing. I shouldn't have blown up at you like that. You didn't know anything going on with whatever news reporters were saying about you, and that's my fault."

"But I should've been paying attention to the news! It's my fault for being so careless."

"You stubborn- y'know what, I'm not going to argue with you over this. How about we both just say sorry and just be done with it?"

"Ok."

"Three... Two... One..."

"Sorry!" They both yelled, sending Dave into a fit of giggles. Hannah followed soon after. They

both knew that they couldn't stay mad at each other for long.

"How long was that argument? Six minutes? That's a new record!" Dave joked, making Hannah laugh a bit.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. Seriously, though, we're both idiots." Hannah said.

"You being more of an idiot than me, obviously."

"Shut up."

The tension in the air lifted and the best friends talked settled into an easy conversation, deciding to worry about tommorow when tommorow comes.

That, unfortunately, was the biggest mistake they could've ever made.

## Chapter End Notes

This is to make up for discontinuing the skepnoblade oneshots.

# V

Skeppy stood in front of BadBoyHalo, trying to calm him and a6d down. Then, he noticed that Technoblade had left during their argument. He facepalmed and shook his head. Bad and a6d continued to fight, unaware of Technoblade's disappearance.

"Will you two SHUT UP?" Skeppy yelled over them, his temper flaring.

BadBoyHalo looked at him apologetically while a6d just glared.

"Now, if you two haven't already noticed, the one person that we were supposed to be searching for has disappeared." Skeppy said bitterly, pointing to the place where Technoblade used to be.

Bad's eyes widened in surprise and a6d's jaw dropped in disbelief. Neither of them could believe that they'd been fighting long enough for Technoblade to slip away unnoticed. Skeppy shook his head in disappointment and took a deep breath before speaking.

"You two were only fighting for, like, four minutes. If that's enough time for him to disappear into thin air, then we have to stop the fighting while chasing after him." He announced. "Do we all agree?"

BadBoyHalo agreed immediately, looking shamefaced. After a few seconds, a6d agreed too. Skeppy sighed in relief.

"Ok, now that that's settled, let's go home. We've been chasing Keem and Laake around the city for hours."

Then, the Trio were off. They quickly headed to their hideout, only the idea of rest on their minds. Once they got there, they all went straight to their rooms to change out of their superhero suits. Darryl went to cook muffins for everyone, as an apology for fighting.

Zak and Vincent both sat in the living room, scrolling through Twitter on their phones while waiting for the muffins to finish cooking. Darryl joined them after putting the muffins in the oven. They all sat in peace and quiet.

Then Zak got a phonecall.

The Trio jumped at the unexpected noise. Zak looked at the caller ID and quickly answered.

"Uh, hello?"

"Hello, Skeppy." The chief of police, Deo, greeted.

"What're you calling for?" Zak asked curiously, wincing when Darryl elbows him in the ribs.

"Don't be rude!" Darryl whispered at him angrily.

Zak rolled his eyes and focused on what the chief of police was saying. Unfortunately, he wanted to know about whether or not they'd found Technoblade.

"We did find Technoblade," Zak told him.

Darryl and Vincent looked at each other nervously. Darryl left the room to check on the muffins and Vincent made up some excuse to join him.

Zak glared at the back of his friends heads as they left him to deal with Deo.

"Well, that's good-" Deo said, before getting cut off.

"But he didn't agree to join our team and got away."

Silence.

"What?" Deo asked, anger seeping into his words.

Zak was going to have words for Darryl and Vincent after this. He cleared his throat nervously.

"He didn't agree or disagree on joining us, he just left without saying anything."

"But how did he escape? Did you guys just let him go? What do you mean he just left?" Deo questioned, his temper flaring.

Zak was starting to feel his own anger rise.

"We didn't just let him go, he left without our knowledge."

"What the fuck were you doing when he left?" Deo asked accusingly.

"Ok, first of all, it's not my fault he escaped. Second of all, I was just too busy trying to keep Bad and a6d from killing each other." Zak snapped.

"You guys were fighting while talking to the most dangerous villain in the world?"

They argued like this for a while, their voices gradually getting louder until it escalated into a shouting match. Eventually, Zak got fed up and hung up on Deo. He stomped into the kitchen, took 5 muffins, then stomped to his room.

He angrily ate the muffins, ignoring the calls from Deo.

Long after he finished the muffins, he finally decided to answer Deo.

"What?" Zak sassed, anger clear in his voice.

"Skeppy, I apologise for upsetting you." Deo said.

He waited for Zak to apologise to him, or at least say something, but he didn't. Deo grit his teeth before continuing.

"So, you said that he didn't agree or disagree to joining our side, right?"

"Yep." Zak said, already hating where this was going.

"Well, if he didn't say yes then you're all gonna have to force him to join our side." Deo stated firmly.

Zak sighed. "He didn't say no, though."

"He didn't say yes, either. Don't argue with me, Skeppy. You and I both know that he's dangerous. I'd rather have him be a dangerous hero than a dangerous villain."

"If he's so dangerous, how are we supposed to beat him? I would like to not die, thank you."

Zak heard Deo chuckle.

"C'mon, Skeppy, think about it. You're apart of the most powerful superhero teams there are, but Technoblade? He's all on his own. He may be dangerous, but he's not unstoppable."

"Ok, so we might have a chance at defeating him."

"I'm glad you finally-"

"But I don't think it's right to fight him."

Deo stayed silent for what felt like forever.

"What?" He asked, his voice full of disbelief.

Zak told him about their encounter with Keemstar and Laake, and about how Technoblade helped them. Deo spoke up after he was done talking.

"He probably wanted to catch Keem and Laake for you guys so you'd owe him."

Zak just sighed in defeat, knowing that Deo wouldn't change his mind. Deo reminded him about his new mission, then hung up. After sitting there for a while, he decided to go back to the kitchen. Surprisingly, Darryl and Vincent were still there.

Zak smiled when he saw that they'd made some more muffins for him as an apology. He rolled his eyes at them but picked up a muffin anyways. They sat and talked for a while, before Vincent asked about what Deo said.

Zak sighed. He didn't want to think about what Deo told him, but he reluctantly told them anyways. Instead of explaining everything that happened, he decided to keep it short and simple.

"We have to fight Technoblade." Zak said. His tone told his friends that he wanted to end the topic at that.

They all moved on to a different topic, trying not to think about tomorrow.

## VI

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dave drove around the city, stalling the trip to his parents' house. Don't get him wrong, he'd love nothing more than to see his sister's, it's his parents he didn't want to see. After driving the same route for a few minutes, Dave sighed and went on the road to his parents' house.

On his way there, he decided to distract himself with happy memories. He thought about the day he saw Zak. A light blush spread across Dave's face. Zak, and his friends, came back to his job every day and Dave made sure to serve them whenever he could. Because of this, they got to know each other pretty well.

Though his social anxiety was eating him up inside, he even flirted with Zak a couple of times.

Zak himself didn't seem to notice, but his friends definitely did. Dave remembered that after his first pick-up line, Darryl's eyebrows shot up and his eyes went wide. Clay smirked and looked at Zak, while Vincent looked proud. They all looked at Zak to see his reaction, but he just looked confused.

Dave was still confused about how he felt relieved and disappointed at the same time. On one hand, Dave wanted Zak to catch his hints. On the other, the thought of Zak catching his hints and rejecting him made Dave want to stop trying.

But, with some encouragement from Hannah, he kept trying his luck. Though Zak was completely oblivious.

Dave's eyes widened as he realized that he was almost at his parents' house. A feeling of dread made his blood run cold as he got closer and closer to his destination. His old home slowly came into view and Dave sighed.

He pulled into the driveway and took his time getting out of the car. The sight of the house made Dave wince as memories he'd rather forget resurfaced. Overwhelming guilt filled his heart as he thought about his sister's. He hoped that they were ok.

Dave stood in front of the door, hesitant to knock. After a few minutes of arguing with himself, he knocked and waited.

A few minutes later, his little sisters opened the door.

They squealed with excitement and hugged Dave's legs. He picked them up and laughed as they squealed with excitement.

"Dave! Where'd you go?" Rain asked before hugging her brother. "We missed you!"

"I know, I know." He said a guilty look on his face.

Dave smiled as his sister's pulled him into the house. He looked around for his parents but didn't see them anywhere. Scratching his head in confusion, he questioned his sister's.

"Where's Mom and Dad?"

The twins froze up and looked at each other. Dave's blood ran cold and his face darkened. He resisted the urge to clench his fists and repeated his question. The two in front of him gave him a sad look.

"Daddy's gone, we haven't seen him in a while..." Admitted Rain, always the first to break.

"But, he always comes back, promise!" Reign added in, elbowing her big sister.

The gears in Dave's head began to turn. He crossed his arms and looked at his siblings. The look on his face was one of pure anger. Though he didn't like getting upset in front of his sister's, the conclusion that he came to made his blood boil.

"Where's Mom?" Dave asked, trying to calm down.

They didn't say anything. A tense silence filled the room and Dave was angry enough to hurt someone. He took a deep breath and counted down from 10, then spoke.

"So, you're telling me, both Mom and Dad are gone? Do they leave a lot? You guys are nine, you shouldn't be left home alone!"

Rain burst into tears and Dave immediately felt overwhelming guilt consume him. He hugged them both and apologized for his anger. Though he still felt angry, he forced it down.

"Reign, Rain, I'm sorry. You guys don't deserve my anger." Dave apologized, ruffling their hair.

"Mom leaves every day, but comes back at night acting weird," Reign told him.

Dave's mind went blank and his expression turned emotionless. He hugged Rain closer to him as she tried calming down. He hummed softly and took a moment to get himself together. After a short while, he asked Reign to tell him more.

"What do you mean by "weird"?"

Reign looked thoughtful and he prepared himself for the worst.

"Well, she's all like..." She trailed off, unable to put it into words. Then, to Dave's horror, Reign began to walk around as if she were tipsy, confirming his suspicions.

"And she says stuff that doesn't make sense, but she doesn't say it right." Rain added, finally pulling away from her big brother.

Reign opened her mouth to mimic her mother's drunk ramblings, but Dave stopped her. A chill ran down his spine. Sure, his parents had been emotionally abusive to him, but they never drank or left him and his siblings alone. It had always been him to get the short end of the stick.

Now, Dave could see where he messed up. He should've brought his sister's with him, called CPS, anything. Now his sister's, his nine-year-old sisters, might be suffering in his place. Fortunately, his parents always loved them more than him. They still had a chance at being ok.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Dave spoke again.

"Do Mom and Dad hurt you guys whenever they're home?"

This time, it was Reign to tear up. Rain hugged her sister tightly and Dave couldn't believe his eyes. Reign, his little soldier, was tearing up. It wasn't like she didn't cry, but for her to cry in front of people?

Dave hugged them and told them that they didn't have to talk about it anymore. An idea suddenly came to him

"Wanna go get ice cream?"

Though he was happy that his sisters were happy, their squeals of excitement destroyed his ears. But, after seeing their faces turn from sad to overflowing with joy, Dave decided it was worth it. He blasted their favorite songs in his car, singing along with them despite the songs being for kids. Sure, the looks from the cars driving next to him would haunt him for the rest of his days, but he decided to not worry about it for now.

Reign and Rain were practically bouncing in their seats when he pulled into the parking lot. Dave chuckled as they attempted to drag him into the shop. Rain huffed in frustration and pulled on his arm harder.

"C'mon, Dave! We need to get to the ice cream!" She said.

Reign agreed and increased her efforts. Rolling his eyes, Dave let them drag him into the ice cream shop. The cashier smiled at him as his sister's clung onto his legs. He gave her a shy smile in response and quickly ordered their ice cream, ready for the interaction to be over already. Without skipping a beat, she immediately left to get their ice cream.

Dave sighed as his sisters began to talk his head off, giving them an occasional nod to let them know he was listening. While this was going on, he failed to notice someone sneaking up behind him.

"Dave?" Said that voice that he fell in love with.

He turned around in shock and his sisters his behind him. Dave mentally let out a sigh of relief as he looked down at the raven-haired boy in front of him. Without realizing it, he reached up to scratch the back of his head.

"Oh. Hi, Zak." He said lamely.

"Hi! What are you doing here?" Zak asked before realizing what he said. Dave mentally died inside as he saw the younger blush in embarrassment.

Zak tried to redeem himself. "I mean, obviously you're here to get ice cream, I just..."

Dave gave him a small smile.

"Sir? Your ice cream." Said the cashier behind him.

He hummed and turned to get their ice cream. Then, he moved out of the way for Zak. A light blush covered his face as he found a table for him and his sisters to sit at. Reign looked at Dave then back at Zak, confusion painting her expression.

"Who's that, Dave? Is he your friend?" Rain asked after realizing that her big sister was too confused to ask anything.

"Yeah, what she said!" Reign said.

Dave tugged at the end of his sleeves. "Yeah. We're friends."

Surprisingly, they got excited at this. Dave narrowed his eyes at them suspiciously. To his dismay,

they didn't do anything but giggle uncontrollably. He rolled his eyes and asked them about what they were up to.

"We're not up to anything!" Rain giggled.

"Yeah, we're not up to nothin'," Reign added.

"It's just, you look at him funny. And your face is all red!"

Dave groaned and covered his face with his hands. His sisters teased him about it but stopped suddenly. Confused, Dave asked if they were ok. After they didn't answer him, he turned and was face-to-face with Zak and his friends. He protectively moved his sister's closer to him.

"Hi." He greeted them stiffly, not really knowing if introducing them to his sisters was a good idea or not.

Zak smiled and asked if they could sit with them. Reluctantly, Dave agreed. He made sure that his sister's sat next to him while the others filled the rest of the chairs at their table. Luckily, the table was big enough for all of them.

Dave put on a blank face and pretended to be relaxed. He took a bite of his ice cream and kept an eye on his sister's. He didn't notice it at first, but two new people were also sitting with them. One was wearing a mask with a smiley face on it, and the other was complaining to him about something.

Zak had a small conversation with his sister's, briefly introducing himself before Darryl stole his attention again. A pang of jealousy went through Dave, but he tried to ignore it. After a few minutes of listening to everyone have their own conversations, Dave gave Zak a look. At first, the younger didn't get it. Dave glanced at the two strangers then back at him.

"Oh! Right." Zak said after getting the hint. "Smiley is Clay, and the guy next to him is George."

Dave smiled at Clay, not realizing that was him under the mask. Clay waved at him before going back to listening to George complain. Dave wondered why he was wearing a mask, considering he wasn't wearing one a few days ago. He asked Zak about it, but he just gave him an odd look.

"What are you talking about? Clay has always worn his mask." The raven-haired boy said.

Dave narrowed his eyes at him and tried remembering Clay not wearing his mask. To his surprise, his memories of Clay not wearing a mask seemed to be altered. Every memory of the guy had him wearing the same exact smiley mask he had on now. Then again, Dave realized, if Clay really did wear his mask all the time, wouldn't he be able to recognize him? And how did Zak know that he didn't know who Clay was?

Dave mentally noted to tell Hannah about this later.

Deciding to move on from the subject, Dave brought up a question that had been at the back of his mind for a few minutes.

"There's two George's?" Dave asked, his deep voice catching the attention of George.

George offered him a friendly smile. "Yeah, but we just call the other one Spifey."

Dave hummed and told Rain to slow down on eating her ice cream, with Reign backing him up. After making sure she wouldn't choke on her dessert, he introduced his friends to his sister's.

"Red and black hoodie is Darryl, the mean lookin' guy is Vincent, and Zak already introduced the last two. Guys, these are my sister's."

Vincent cried out in outrage at his description and glared at him, causing Reign to put Dave's hand in a death grip. Rain looked down and began to eat her ice cream like there was no tomorrow. Dave winced and tried to calm his sister's while keeping up his uncaring facade.

"Calm down, french fry! You're scaring the kids." Clay scolded. Darryl joined in the scolding and so did George.

Zak, who was sitting the closest to Dave, turned to him.

"Are they ok?" He asked.

Dave nodded and silently stood up with his sisters doing the same. Zak looked at the chaos then back at him. To Dave's amusement, the shorter blushed in embarrassment. His friends were starting to draw attention to them.

The taller offered that they go outside and Zak accepted gratefully. Thankfully, Rain and Reign looked a lot more relaxed around Zak. Somehow, the boy had already made a good impression on them.

"I'm sorry, guys. Vincent has anger issues." He said apologetically.

Rain gave Zak a hesitant smile. "It's ok, Mr. Zak, it's not your fault."

Reign nodded in agreement. Dave tried to stop thinking about Zak blushing long enough to talk to him.

"Uh, yeah. It's not your fault." He said awkwardly.

Zak smiled at him and asked if they could talk for a bit longer. Dave pointed out that they were already talking, earning himself a frustrated look from his crush. They talked for another few minutes before Dave decided it was time for them to go home. The trio waved goodbye to Zak and drove home.

Once they got home, Dave asked his sisters about what they thought about his friends.

"Vincent is mean, I don't like him!" Reign said, anger seeping into her words.

Rain nodded. "He yelled at you and gave you a scary look."

Dave died inside after realizing that his sisters didn't like Vincent because of how he treated him. On one hand, it was really sweet of them. On the other, Vincent really wasn't a bad guy and getting them to forgive him would be difficult. After making a mental note to worry about that later, he asked them about their thoughts on everyone else.

"Clay is so cool! He has a mask, like a superhero!" Rain said excitedly. "Is Clay a superhero, Dave?"

Dave smiled down at her and ruffled her hair.

"I'm pretty sure that Clay isn't a superhero." He told them but backtracked after seeing their crestfallen faces. "I mean, I don't really know for sure. Maybe I'll ask him."

Their spirits lifted and the twins caught Dave up on everything he missed during his absence. After

a few hours, it was time for bed. Reign protested, saying big girls don't have bedtimes, while Rain just rolled her eyes and went to bed. Dave threatened to tickle her unless she went to bed, successfully doing the trick.

After making sure that they were asleep, he silently went into the bathroom to change into his superhero suit. He went to his room, remembering the window in it. For a second, he stood in the middle of the room, remembering the memories that came with it.

Then, he jumped out of the window. He skillfully climbed down the side of his house and used his invisibility robe to move through the city. In a matter of minutes, he was standing on top of one of Hypixel's many tall buildings. Then, he saw it. Some supervillain was hiding in an alleyway, unaware of the pair of ruby eyes watching them.

Without hesitation, the pig king moved towards his target. The poor fool won't see him coming until it's too late.

The Blood God was on the hunt.

#### Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna express my love for gore in the next chapter. Just a heads up.

## VII

Technoblade watched the villain carefully. A quiet voice in his head told him to murder him, while another told him to think about the consequences that follow. He followed the target stealthily, deciding that they knew the consequences of being a bad guy ever since the day they were born. And, just like that, the voices went silent. For the next few minutes, he imagined how Hannah was going to kill him and wondered if he should ask if she could play "Viva La Vida" at his funeral.

He stopped walking as his target paused. They looked around cautiously, positive that they heard something, but weren't able to spot anything. Technoblade stared at them. He knew who he was.

Fit. A member of the most dangerous terrorist group in the world, 2b2t. Known for bringing entire cities to their knees and causing total chaos wherever they go. What really set them apart from everyone else was how they operated. Sometimes, a few 2b2t members would work together, while the others fought each other like rabid dogs. Their explosive fights could wipe out a small country, if bad enough.

Technoblade's eye twitched in irritation and he continued following Fit. He could just kill him right now, as he did with all the other 2b2t members, but he was sure Hannah and the press wouldn't like that. Who knows what crazy story they'll make up if he murdered another 2b2t member. Plus, having the entirety of 2b2t as your enemy wasn't a situation he wanted to get himself in. So, instead, he would kill him in private. Dave learned the hard way that alleyways weren't as secluded as he thought.

While he was following Fit, he realized that he was headed to some hidden tunnel. A tunnel which most likely led to a 2b2t base.

'Great,' Technoblade thought miserably, 'Just great. I'm definitely getting murdered by Hannah now.'

After thinking for a moment, he decided to mess with Fit by scraping his diamond sword against a nearby wall before quickly hiding again. The 2b2t member looked around wildly, almost making Technoblade burst into hysterics. They were at the entrance to the base now, so Fit decided to ignore it and continue on his way.

Technoblade followed smugly. Their lack of security was a welcomed surprise. Then again, 2b2t wasn't exactly known for safety. Fit walked through suspiciously empty hallways and ended up stopping at a door. It was at least ten feet tall and had clearly seen better days. Fit mumbled something too quiet for Technoblade to hear a few times before finally opening the door. The infamous pig entered the room after him, careful to make sure that he was still hidden.

The room looked like a standard meeting room if meeting rooms were made to hold hundreds of people. A huge, worn down table was in the middle of the room with color-coded chairs surrounding it. Unfortunately for Technoblade, people filled most of the chairs. Their appearances ranged from normal, everyday citizens to outlandish. Technoblade's eyes widened when he saw that one guy was a mushroom cow hybrid.

Technoblade took a second to identify everyone he could and realized that the mushroom cow guy was The Camping Rusher. At first, he thought that the rumors about Rusher actually being a mushroom cow were fake. Though his costume was a pig king, he wasn't actually a pig. He had naturally pink hair and sharp, black nails, but that was it physically. And even then he could hide his nails at will. Technoblade moved to a more secluded spot in the room and took another glance

around the place.

Everyone was arguing with each other, not realizing that Fit entered.

"Guys? Hello?" Fit yelled, trying to talk over everyone. After a few minutes of this, he finally snapped.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP AND LISTEN TO ME!"

Everyone turned to look at him. Rusher glared at him and Fit returned the look.

"The fuck do you want?" He snarled.

Fit rolled his eyes. "Calm your tits. I just wanted to make an announcement."

Everyone gave him their full attention as he took a deep breath. Technoblade wondered what Fit was going to say and questioned how he hasn't been found out yet. Then, he remembered that he was just that good. A small smirk was painted onto his expression from the thought.

"I want to leave 2b2t."

A loud silence filled the room. Technoblade's eyes widened and he accidentally let out a gasp. He slapped his hand over his traitorous mouth as everyone's heads turned to him. Tension made its way into the room as Rusher glared in his direction.

"Who's there?" He asked, pulling out his sword. Many others did the same, pulling out weapons Technoblade thought was ripped right out of a sci-fi movie.

Technoblade mentally screamed at himself, because the corner he was in was empty. That meant there wasn't anyone to take the blame for his mistake. Thinking quickly, he carefully began moving out of shooting range. He stopped, however, when Fit moved towards him. Technoblade held his breath, knowing that if he was touched it'd be over for him. You see, invisibility has its limits, and being touched would immediately reveal him.

Unfortunately for him, that's exactly what happened.

Technoblade gave them a nervous smile as they stared at him in shock. Fit immediately backed away from him and the others gripped their weapons tightly. The intruder held his hands up in surrender.

"I know I crashed your little party here, but if you let me go I promise to not kill you all," Technoblade said, knowing that a lot of people were going to die today.

They did nothing but get ready to fight. Technoblade sighed, knowing that after this his days were numbered. He just hoped Hannah would go easy on him. He took out his blade, the weapon tainted pink from the blood of the unfortunate souls that crossed its path. Technoblade's eyes shone with bloodlust.

"Well, if you all insist on dying..."

Within just a few seconds, the pig had slit the throat of the nearest victim. The sound of gurgling, shots, and cries of rage-filled the room. In the next few minutes, Technoblade quickly downed three guys. He smirked as he saw some people quickly leaving the room, unaware of the hybrid behind him.

The air was knocked out of his lungs as he was tackled from behind. Technoblade quickly stood up and slammed his back into the wall, successfully getting his attacker to let go. The pig whipped around to face them and was face-to-face with Rusher himself. Rusher glared at him and tried throwing a punch at him. Technoblade, seeing his chance, ducked down and punched him in the stomach. Hard.

Rusher doubled over, Technoblade quickly stood to his full height. Something warm and sticky splattered on top of his head. As he backed away, he saw that Rusher had bitten off the tip of his tongue. Technoblade ducked as someone fired at him, making them shoot Rusher instead. The hero dodged more shots and managed to steal a gun from one of the dead bodies. He shot at everyone with a gun, making sure that he didn't accidentally hit Fit.

The guy had left 2b2t, so he was basically an innocent. Technoblade was sure that Hannah wouldn't like him murdering an innocent. Though, he was sure Hannah wouldn't like him murdering anyone. He looked back at the people he'd already taken down and winced. So much for not murdering anyone.

Technoblade pointed the gun at everyone who was left. They all scowled at him, looking like they wanted to tear him into a million pieces. Realizing this, Technoblade got an idea. He dropped the gun he was holding. Everyone looked at him like he had three heads. He twirled his blade, which was now dripping blood and had small bits of guts on it. Technoblade calmly wiped it off while smiling.

"I'm a good person, so I'm making this easier for you all by giving you a headstart and a chance to leave."

A pause.

"And shooting you all would be boring."

Fit quickly left, while ten others stayed.

Technoblade leaned against the wall, watching them scramble for the guns he left behind. He dodged all the shots fired at him with ease. They stared at him in disbelief and shock. This was a mistake on their part since it allowed Technoblade to take out two of them. The remaining eight quickly got their shit together and saw that firing shots wouldn't work. So, they chose a different strategy.

Hand to hand combat. Clearly, they hadn't seen him make Rusher bite his own tongue off. Well, more like part of his tongue. Technoblade snapped out of his trance when yet another 2b2t member he'd never seen before charged at him. He moved out of the way, his attacker stumbling as he struggled to balance himself. They never got their chance to recover, however, since Technoblade swiftly kicked their back. The sheer force of the kick sent the man flying into a wall that was painted blue. The hero felt bad for the poor sap who'd have to clean up after his mess.

While dodging relentless and completely useless attacks, Technoblade managed to check the time on a watch that belonged to one of the fallen members. His eyes turned into saucers once he saw it. He needed to end this soon, his sister's would be waking up in a few hours! The king sighed and gave the last few dead men a withering glare. Wanting to avoid more casualties, Technoblade gave them one last time to leave.

After seeing that they weren't going to budge, he groaned. Then, his eyes turned from chocolate brown to blood red. He focused on every amount of anger and bloodlust he had, then unleashed his powers. The 2b2t members shrieked, clawing and hitting the door desperately, but it was too late.

Their voices wouldn't be heard, Technoblade made sure of that.

By the time his job was done, the pig was covered head to toe in someone else's blood. Thoughts about what had just happened flooded his mind. The satisfying way their necks snapped, the way he made those assholes choke on their own blood, the mess of organs covering the floor. Hell, he actually got to hold a beating heart in his hand for a while before it stopped, something he'd been wanting to do forever.

All of these wonderful memories of the past few minutes, and yet they didn't bring him joy like he thought the would. Though this usually made him feel alive, the fact that he'd used his powers did something to him. The blood coating his body and clothes felt off. It felt thick and sticky, but more than usual. The smell of iron now felt overwhelming and nauseating. This combination made his clothes a burden to wear, and he loved to wear his superhero suit. A small growl escaped his curled lips. Once again, his powers ruined everything.

But when your powers make you possibly the most powerful human being known to man, what would you expect?

The hero hurried to his hideout, quickly taking his mask off and changing his eyes back to normal. An annoyed huff escaped his lips as he glared at his hands. He clenched his fists and focused on cleaning himself up. There wasn't any use whining about it, it's his fault anyways. He was smart enough to see that his decision would be the worst mistake he could've ever made. Yet he got cocky, let his guard down.

"Every strength has its weakness," cackled that horrible voice in his head.

The pinkette just grit his teeth and hissed as he put his hands under the cold water, the water in the sink turning pink. That voice continued to repeat the phrase, laughter never failing to trail after it.

Every strength has its weakness.

Technoblade had to learn that the hard way.

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